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# Roy Rogers

Comics



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# Roy Rogers

## KING OF THE COWBOYS

**AND  
THE STRANGE MAN HUNT**

**HELLO, ROGERS! YOU'RE HOLDING DOWN THE SHERIFF'S DESK TODAY?**



WE THINK SO,  
ROGERS! NO  
SPIES COULD HAVE GOTTERN  
THROUGH THE  
FBI GUARD TO  
KIDNAP HIM.  
BUT HE COULD HAVE SLIPPED  
AWAY BY HIM-  
SELF!



WE KNOW THAT HE WAS FRIGHTENED BY HIS OWN DISCOVERIES! HE REFUSED TO GO ON WITH THEM--- AND HAD A FEAR THAT FOREIGN SPIES MIGHT KIDNAP HIM---

— SO HE  
DECIDED TO  
DISAPPEAR?  
WHY DID  
HE TRAVERSE HIM?

THE MAN IS DR. ROLAND PRICE---  
TOP DRAWER ATOMIC SCIENTIST...  
INVALUABLE MAN! ADMITTED THAT  
HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING  
DEADLIER THAN THE H-BOMB. LAST  
WEEK HE--- JUST  
DISAPPEARED!



WE TRACED HIM AS FAR AS DENVER... NO FURTHER. PRICE USED TO BE A RANCH BOY --- SO HE MAY HAVE DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A DESERT RAT OR A GUNSMOKE, OR EVEN AN INDIAN.

THIS "SADDLE"  
COUNTRY IS  
A GOOD PLACE  
FOR A MAN  
TO LOSE HIM-  
SELF---BUT  
WE'LL LOOK  
FOR HIM, MR.  
GRANT.]

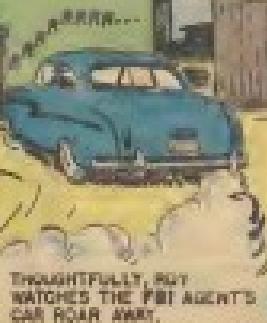


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GOOD-BYE, THEN---AND  
GOOD LUCK, ROSS! I  
REPORT ANY CLUES TO  
THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF  
INVESTIGATION! I'VE GIVEN  
YOU A DESCRIPTION OF  
DR. PRICE...

WELL, BULLET,  
THERE'S A JOB FOR  
A COWTOWN  
SHERIFF'S DEPUTY  
TO TACKLE ---

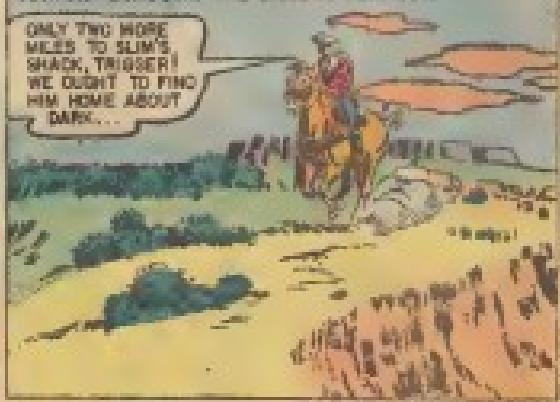


THOUGHTFULLY, BULLETT  
WATCHED THE FBI AGENTS'  
CAR ROAR AWAY.

...BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH! I'M  
GOING TO CALL ON OUR HERMIT  
FRIEND, SLIM WALKER---AND  
LEAVE YOU, BULLETT, IN CHARGE  
OF THIS OFFICE UNTIL SHERIFF  
DING WALKER RETURNS.

TOWARD SUNDOWN THE SAME AFTERNOON---

ONLY TWO MORE  
MILES TO SLIM'S  
SHACK, TRIGGER!  
WE OUGHT TO FIND  
HIM HOME ABOUT  
C DARK...



OH-OH! A DEAD HORSE---SADDLED!  
AND IT LOOKS LIKE ONE  
OF SLIM'S!

WHAT---IN  
THE PLANK!  
AND NO SIGN  
OF SLIM?



...UNLESS HE'S DOWN IN  
THIS DRY WASH! AND  
HERE'S ... TIME TRADES,  
WITH A JEEP TREAD!



A WRECK...  
WITH A BLOWN-  
OUT FRONT  
TIRE!



...AND THOSE TWO MEN  
UNDER IT AIN'T MOVING!



DEAD... BOTH OF THEM! MEN  
IN CITY SUITS! PROBABLY OUT  
HERE HUNTING FOR GEM STONES!  
BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN  
WHAT HAPPENED TO SLIM...



OH! HARMONICA  
MUSIC! SLIM, YOU  
LONG-FACED MAVERICK,  
COME OUT AND  
SHOW YOURSELF!



OOGONE IT, HOY! IT WAS  
ALL PEACEFUL AND QUIET HERE  
TILL YOU CAME ALONE! I WAS  
JUST WAITIN' FOR DARK TO GO  
HOME TO SUPPER...



WHAT?

WELL, BY DARK I'D STAND A BETTER  
CHANCE TO GOSSE ANY MORE TRIGGER-  
HAPPY DUDES IN JEPPS THAT MIGHT  
BE CRUISING AROUND.



THESE JOKERS JUST DROVE UP AND  
ORDERED ME OFF MY HORSE! I TISTODD  
ME FOR SOMEBODY NAMED PIERCE OR  
PRICE ANTHON, WHEN I WOULDN'T,  
THEY SHOT POOR OLD BONEY....

AND THEN?



WELL, I GOT SORE, AND SHOT A HOLE IN ONE OF THEIR FRONT TIRES! HAPPENED THEY WERE CHASING ME AND BONEY ALONG THE EDGE OF THIS WASH! SO THEY WENT OVER---



--AND IT WASN'T MY FAULT IF THE THING FELL UPSIDE DOWN ON TOP OF THEM! OF COURSE, IF THEIR FRIENDS CAME ALONG, THEY MIGHT SEE IT DIFFERENTLY.



LET'S GO HOME TO MY SHACK AND TALK, ROY--- WHILE WE EAT! I'M HUNGRY AS A COYOTE!



HALF AN HOUR LATER---

HOME! IT SURE LOOKS GOOD TO ME TONIGHT, ROY!



AND AT DINNER---

THIS SUMMER IS UNDESIRABLE,  
SLIM! BUT YOU PROMISED ME  
SOME TALK, TOO...

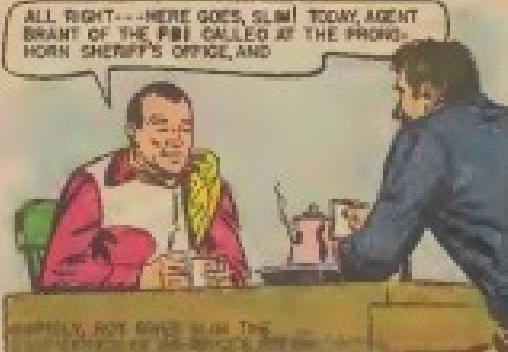
OH--HEY!  
THERE WE BEEN  
TWO OR THREE  
OUTFITS OF  
GEM HUNTERS  
IN TRUCKS OR  
JEEPS, CRUISING  
AROUND DOING  
TOO MUCH  
CRUISING ONE OF  
EM INVADED MY  
SHACK!



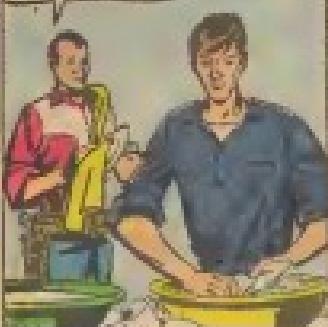
THEY EYED ME LIKE I WAS "EXHIBIT A"--- CROSS-QUESTIONED ME--- LOOKED OVER MY HOME---AND LEFT. THEY WERE ARMED, TOO! IF YOU'VE GOT ANY IDEA WHAT COOKS, ROY, I'D LIKE TO KNOW IT!



ALL RIGHT---HERE GOES, SLIM! TODAY, AGENT BRANT OF THE FBI CALLED AT THE IRON-HORN SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AND



--SO YOU SEE, TOUGH CHARACTERS  
--PROBABLY SPIES OF SOME FOR-  
-EIGN POWER--ARE HUNTING  
PRICE, TOO! AND HE LOOKS A  
LOT LIKE YOU---



THE IMPORTANT THING,  
SLIM, AS I SEE IT--  
IS THAT THESE TOUGH  
CHARACTERS HAVE  
SOME HOTTER TIP  
THAN WE'VE GOT ON  
PRICE'S WHEREABOUTS.  
THEY KNOW HE'S  
HIDING IN THIS PIECE  
OF DESERT!

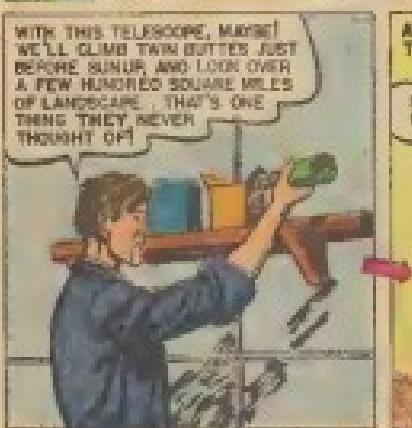


OKAY! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THIS  
SECTION BETTER THAN THEY  
DO! WELL FIND DR. PRICE, IF  
HE'S FINDABLE--  
AND FIND HIM FIRST!

WITH A  
CRYSTAL  
BALL?



WITH THIS TELESCOPE, MURKIN!  
WE'LL CLIMB THIN BUTTE JUST  
BEFORE SUNUP AND LOOK OVER  
A FEW HUNDRED SQUARE MILES  
OF LANDSCAPE. THAT'S ONE  
THING THEY NEVER  
THOUGHT OF!



AT SUNRISE---ON THE HIGHER PEAK OF THE  
THIN BUTTE.

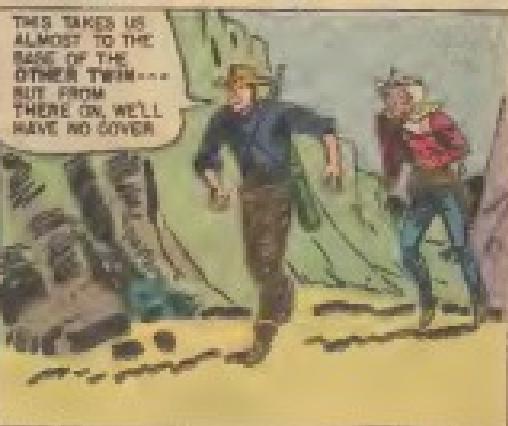
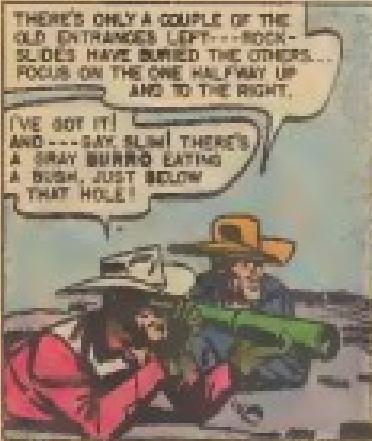
SLIM! I SEE A FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE TRUCK---  
IN A WASH TO THE NORTH...AND A SMALL  
CAMPFIRE SMOKE!

OH-HA! I SEE  
SOMETHING ELSE!



I'VE BEEN STUDYING THOSE OLD  
FORGOTTEN MINE TUNNELS IN THE  
SLOPE OF THE OTHER BUTTE! YOU  
WOULDN'T NOTICE 'EM WITH YOUR  
LITTLE POCKET GLASS, BUT  
TAKE MINE---



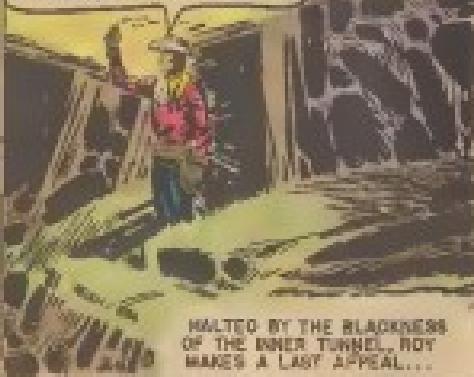




DR. PRICE! THIS IS SHERIFF'S DEPUTY  
ROY REEDER! YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER!  
WE CAN PROTECT YOU IF WE KNOW  
WHERE YOU ARE...



DR. PRICE! STRANGERS ARE COMING UP THE  
SLOPE! WE EXPECT TROUBLE! IF YOU HAVE A  
FIREARM, IT WOULD HELP...



HALTED BY THE BLACKNESS  
OF THE INNER TUNNEL, ROY  
MAKES A LAST APPEAL...



...AS SLIM WALKER'S RIFLE SPEAKS A GRIM  
WADEN'S TO THE CLIMBING MEN.



LINE WELL-TRAINED TROOPS, THE FOUR  
MEN IN BLACKS HUNT COVER...





ANOTHER DROPS HIS GUN  
FROM NUMBED FINGERS.



FRANK FRAZIER

THAT JEEP WE SAW HAS STOPPED DOWN THERE... JUST BEYOND THE SLOPE, ROTI SHALL I TRY A LONG SHOT AT IT?

BETTER SAVE YOUR BULLET! IF WE CAN HOLD THESE JOKERS OFF UNTIL DARK, WE CAN SLIP OUT, WITH OR FREE

WE'VE GOT TO FIND YOUR FOXY SCIENTIST FIRST, ROTI SAID. THOSE TWO ARE TAKING SOMETHING OUT OF THE JEEP...



...AND THEY'RE RUNNING... TO CIRCLE THIS SLOPE! BET THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A TRY AT US FROM ABOVE, SOMEDAY...

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, SLIM... OR THEY'LL BOUNCE LEAD OFF IT!



KEEPING WELL OUT OF DIRECT RANGE FROM THE TUNNEL'S MOUTH, THE TWO JEEPSTERS CLIMB CAREFULLY, NURSING A WELL-WRAPPED BUNDLE...



...WHILE THE RIFLES ON THE SLOPE BELOW DOUBLE THEIR RATE OF FIRE.



AS THE FIRING DIES DOWN AGAIN, SLIM SCOPED

STONES---  
AND DIRT  
ROLLING  
DOWN FROM  
ABOVE US!  
THAT  
MEANS---

THE TWO  
FROM THE  
JEEP ARE  
UP THERE,  
SLIM---  
TRYING TO  
PULL SOME  
TRICK...

DY-DYNAMITE!  
ENOUGH TO  
BLOW UP TO  
HASS...

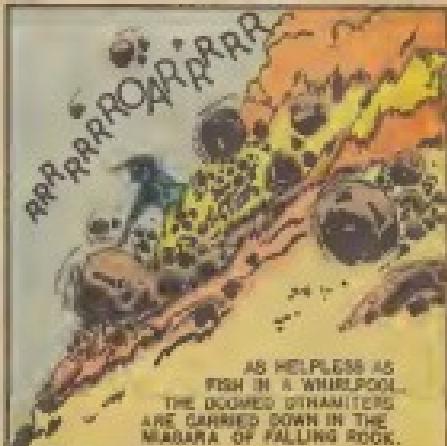


LISTEN---YOU IN THE TUNNEL! YOU'VE GOT TWENTY SECONDS TO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! IF YOU DO, WELL KILL THAT FUSE! IF YOU DON'T, WELL BURY YOU!

THEY'LL KILL US IF WE SHOW OURSELVES, ROY! AND THAT FUSE IS BURNING PRETTY SHORT---

SO I SOT, SLIM---







INSIDE THE DUST-FILLED TUNNEL, ROY AND SLIM DROUCH AGAINST ONE ANOTHER, HEADS AGAINST THE RAIN OF DIRT AND STONES FROM THE ROOF.

AFTER LONG MINUTES---WHEN THE TERRIBLE THUNDER OF THE ROCKSLIDE HAS PASSED---

"WELL, ROY---THEY BURIED US---LIKE THEY PROMISED! WELL, LIVE TILL THE AIR IN THIS OLD MINE GETS TOO STALE TO BREATHE! AND THEN---"

"YOU'RE  
A BORN  
FEGGOT,  
SLIM!"

THE AIR IN HERE WOULD PROBABLY LAST UNTIL WE HAD DUG THROUGH THE TEN OR TWENTY FEET OF RUBBLE AT THE ENTRANCE... BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE TO DO THAT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HAVE YOU GOT "SECOND SIGHT" THAT SHOWED YOU A BACK DOOR TO THIS MINE---OR SOMETHING?

"---OR SOME-  
THING? WHEN I  
WENT BACK IN  
HERE CALLING  
FOR DR PRICE  
I FELT A GOOD  
DRAFT OF  
AIR!"



IT COULD BE A  
"BACK DOOR" OF  
SOME SORT THAT  
DR. PRICE HAS  
LOCATED! PERHAPS  
THAT IS WHY HE  
DON'T ANSWER US! NO HARM IN  
CALLING SOME MORE, THOUGH...  
DR. PRICE...!"



"THERE'S A SIDE STOPE! SEE IF THE  
AIR CURRENT COMES FROM  
THERE, SLIM!"





COME FORWARD, SO THAT I CAN STUDY YOUR FACES IN THE LIGHT! I WANT TO BE SURE THAT YOU ARE NOT---AH---KIDNAPPERS!



AFTER A LONG, SILENT MOMENT---

ALL RIGHT,  
DR. PRICE?  
ARE YOU  
SATISFIED?



I AM SATISFIED, NOW  
THAT YOU ARE AN  
HONEST SHERIFF'S  
DEPUTY. HERE'S MY  
HAND!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR!  
I'M ROB ROGERS AND  
THIS IS SLIM WALKER,  
MY FRIEND, WHO  
FIRST LOCATED YOU.



I AM READY TO GO BACK WITH YOU --- TO THE PROTECTION OF THE FBI! I HAVE LEARNED, ROGERS, THAT KEEPING A WANTED SHERIFF OUT OF THE HANDS OF RED SPIES IS NOT A ONE-MAN JOB!

YOU ALMOST  
LEARNED IT TOO LATE,  
DOCTOR!



I'LL SLIP OUTSIDE AND  
LOOK OVER THE SITUATION  
THROUGH MY 'SCOPE!  
COULD BE THAT WE WON'T  
HAVE TO WAIT FOR NIGHT  
TO HEAD FOR PRONGHORN.

LOOK FOR MY BURRO,  
TOO, MR. WALKER!  
I HOPE HE WASN'T  
CAUGHT IN THE SLIDE!



SLIM  
WILL DO A  
THOROUGH  
JOB OF  
LOOKING! HE'S  
A TRAINED  
DESERT MAN...

I'M SURE OF IT,  
ROGERS! AND---  
DR---IT WASN'T  
COWARDICE THAT  
KEPT ME FROM  
JOINING YOUR  
DEFENSE OF  
THE TUNNEL...



IT IS SIMPLY THAT I KNOW---  
THAT IF I WERE WOUNDED AND  
CAPTURED, AND THE ENEMY SHOULD  
PICK MY MIND OF CERTAIN SECRETS  
---MILLIONS OF PERSONS WOULD  
DIE HORRIBLY!



HALF AN HOUR LATER---

HERE COMES SLIM---  
WITH GOOD NEWS, TO  
JUDGE BY HIS GRIN!



WELL, DOCTOR---I'VE GLASSED MOST EVERYTHING IN  
TWENTY MILES, AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE.  
EXCEPT SOME RANGE COWS, OH, YES---AND  
YOUR BURRO!

WHAT OF OUR ATTACKERS?



THEY'RE SOMEWHERE UNDER A  
RUNAWAY MOUNTAINSIDE THAT  
GOT STAMPEDED BY THEIR DYNAMITE!  
EVEN THEIR TRUCK IS BURIED! BUT  
THE JEEP THAT'S PARKED FARTHER  
OFF COULD TAKE YOU AND RAY BACK  
TO PROMHORN, WHILE I LOOK  
AFTER OUR HORSES...



LET'S GO, DR. PRICE!  
BEFORE ANY MORE  
CRUISING "GEN. HUNTERS"  
SHOW UP TO BOTHER US...

ARE YOU SURE  
THEY WON'T  
BOTHER SLIM?  
HE LOOKS LIKE  
ME!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT SLIM! HE'LL MAKE OUT  
BETTER ALONE THAN HE WOULD WITH AN  
ARMY! JUST SLIM AND HIS HARMONICA!



# ROY ROGERS

## KING OF THE COWBOYS

*"Outlaw's Legacy"*

A QUEER TONE IN HIS DEPUTY'S VOICE DRAWS SHERIFF BOB MARSH OF LONGHORN COUNTY TO THE WINDOW.

BOB! COME HERE AND TAKE A LOOK! I THINK WE'VE GOT A CALLER!

HEH? WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT, ROY?



IS IT REAL, ROY... OR AM I SEEING THINGS? THAT CATTLE CAN'T BE ACTUALLY ALIVE—AND THE KID...WES...

GET BEHIND YOUR DESK, BOB, AND TRY TO KEEP YOUR FACE STRAIGHT! WE'S COMIN' IN AND WE SHOULDN'T LAUGH...THOS RASS MAY BE THE ONLY CLOTHES HE'S GOT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOY!



HUH... HUH! I'VE GOT A LETTER FOR DEPUTY SHERIFF ROY ROGERS TO READ...

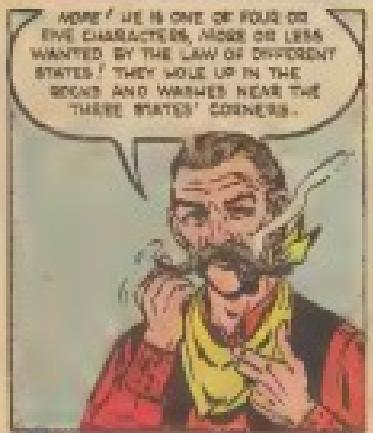
...RIGHT HERE, SON!

HARRIET!

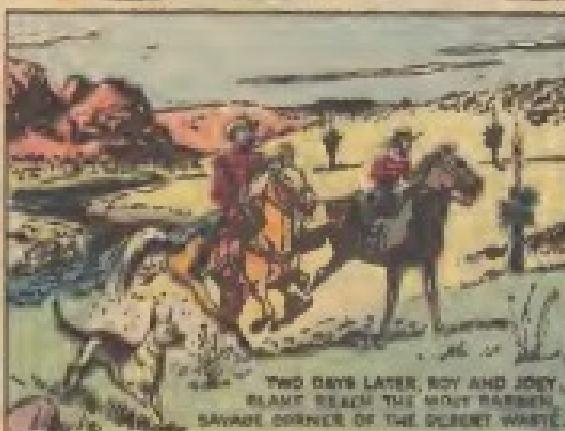
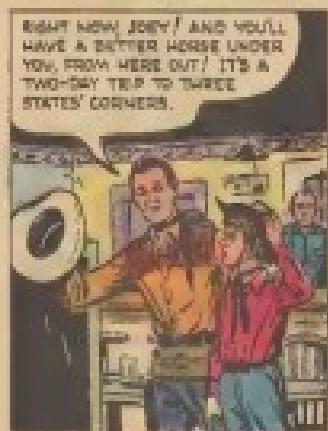
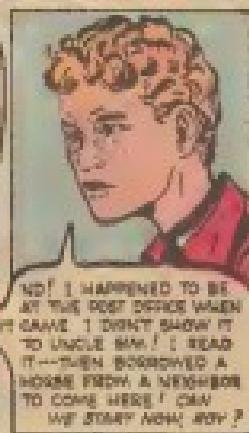
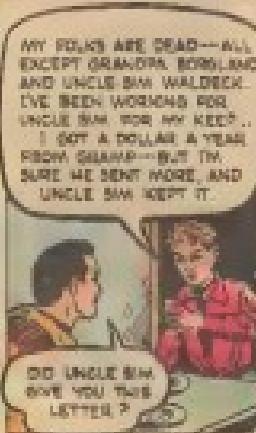
IT'S FROM MY GRANDMA! HE THINKS A LOT OF YOU—AND SO DO I—DEAR, YOUR PICTURES...

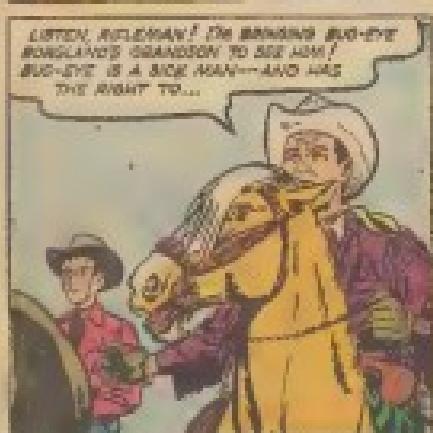
HUH, HUH! THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT...

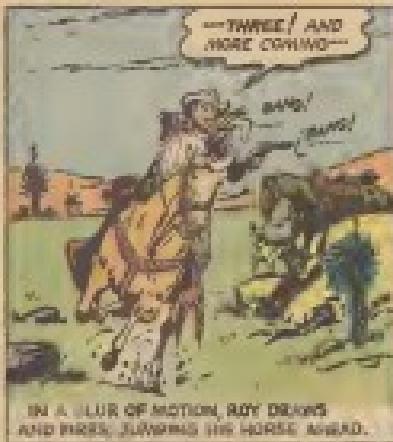




DEAR GRANDSON JOEY, I AM DYING ALIVE OF A MALARIA IN MY JEWELRY, SO I WANT YOU TO HAVE ALL THE MONEY I HAVE GOT. LET IT BE 10 THOUSAND DOLLARS IN BILLS, OR HOWSOEVER YOU WANT. WE BRING IN BAGGAGE AND REPORTS FROM LONGHORN CARRYING ALL REPORTS FROM LONGHORN AND HARRY. IF I ONCE DIED, YOU WILL FIND GRANDMAMA IN MY SITE. DON'T LOOK FOR ME—LET ME BE AS A REBORN AND A REDEMICID. YOUR LOVING GRANDPA







SEARCH AHEAD OF US, BULLET!  
YOU MIGHT BITE UP ANOTHER  
WELLCOME PARTY!



I RECKON THIS IS WHERE  
GRANDPA PLACED IT! THERE'S  
NO SIGN OF LIFE--BUT  
MAYBE FLEA-BIT LIED!



HULLO! ANYBODY  
AT HOME? ROY,  
ROBBERS AND JOEY  
HERE....

SILENCE GREETES  
ROY'S CALL...



WE'RE ALIVE, JOEY--  
BUT MIGHTY SICK!

GRANDP...  
IT'S JOEY...



JO--JOEY! GOT--HERE!  
IN STATE OF--FLEA-BIT!  
WE--KNOWS I GOT--  
MONEY JUD...

OH, GRANDPA, I'M  
SUCH SORRY YOU'RE  
SICK! CAN'T I...



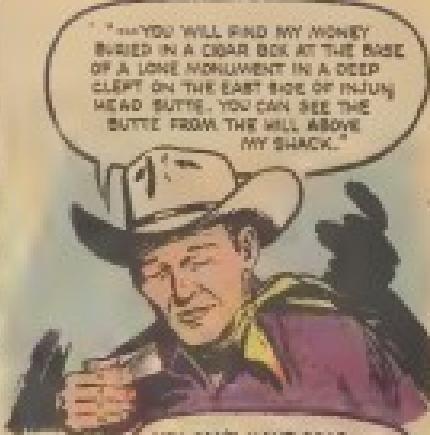
JOEY!... REMEMBER  
MY RIDE BOSS...





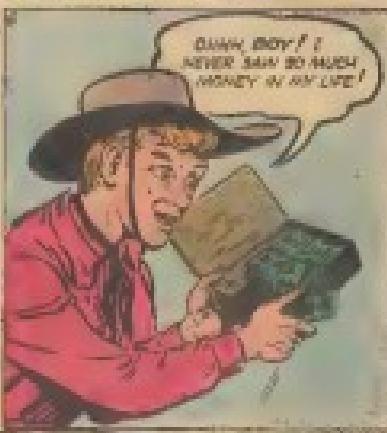
A BURSTEN FROM OUTSIDE THE  
WINDOW ANSWERS BOY'S SHOT.







BACK AWAY FROM THE RIM OF THE CLEFT,  
BULLET DENIES DANGER--- BUT HIS WARNING  
SHOUT DOES NOT CARRY DOWN INTO THE HOLE  
WHERE ROY AND JOEY ARE DIGGING.





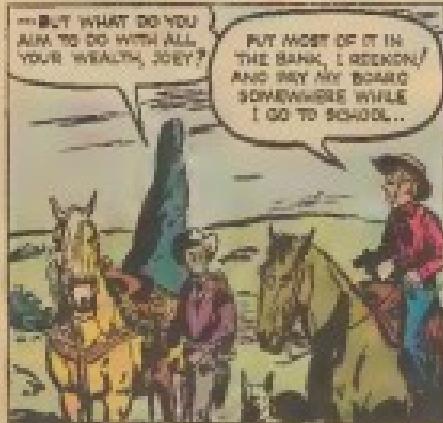


--AND STILL LOOKED TOGETHER, THE TWO BODIES WHIRL DOWNWARD...



--TO STRIKE WITH A JARRING THUD!





# Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

BULLET TRAIL  
A THIEF

HELLO, THERE, BULLET! DO YOU AND ROY COME TO PAY OLD JOHN FAIRBAIRN ANOTHER VISIT? MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU, FELLA!



YES, SIR! CAME TO SEE ME ALL BY YOURSELF! I TAKE THAT AS A REAL COMPLIMENT -- TO AN OLD MAN WHO HASN'T GOT A THING TO TREAT YOU WITH BUT BEANS AND BISCUITS.



I'VE PRETTY NEAR CLEANED OUT THIS POCKET OF PAY DIRT, BULLET, AND I RECKON IT MAY BE MY LAST SEASON TO WORK. OLD RHEUMATIC IS BAD, AND GETTING WORSE EVERY YEAR...



WELL, NOW! I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF ROY! RECKON YOU CAME ALONE TO VISIT ME, BULLET?



IF YOU'VE COME TO SPEND THE DAY WITH ME, WE'LL GO OUT TO MY CLAIM! YOU CAN WATCH ME PAN OUT, SOME MORE GOLD DUST, AND YOU CAN HELP ME CARRY BACK SOME SPRING WATER, COME DINNERTIME!



BUT I'VE GOT ENOUGH "DUST" AND MINESETS IN THAT CANVAS SACK UNDER MY MATTRESS TO KEEP ME THE REST OF MY DAYS! HEWES TWELVE OR THIRTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!



"BOUT TIME FOR OWNER, PARSON! I'LL MAKE A  
BATCH OF THOSE SPECIAL FLAPJACKS YOU LIKE--  
WITH MOLASSES ON 'EM!"



OLD JOHN'S  
FLAPJACKS ARE  
GOOD--BUT  
FRIENDSHIP IS  
THE ATTRACTION  
THAT BRINGS  
BULLET BACK,  
TIME AFTER  
TIME, TO VISIT.

THERE'S MY SAVINGS, PARSON--  
THREE HUNDRED-OOO OUNCES OF GOLD!  
I'M SORRY YOU HAVE TO GO NOW, BUT  
COME BACK AND SEE ME REAL SOON.



ONE ENN, A WEEK LATER, BULLET GETS  
NO RESPONSE FROM OLD JOHN, ALTHOUGH  
HE MORE TELLS HIM THAT THE OLD MAN  
IS AT HOME.



WORRIED, HE PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR!



IN THE ONLY WAY HE KNOWS,  
BULLET TRIES TO REVIVE  
HIS FRIEND--BUT FINALLY  
SUCCEEDS



I GRABBED HIS BANDANA---  
TORE IT OFF! SMELL OF THAT  
PARSON! THAT'S THE THIEF!  
YOU CAN TRACK HIM, MEBBE,  
TRACK HIM AND BRING BACK  
MY GOLD! MY GOLD--SAVYTT



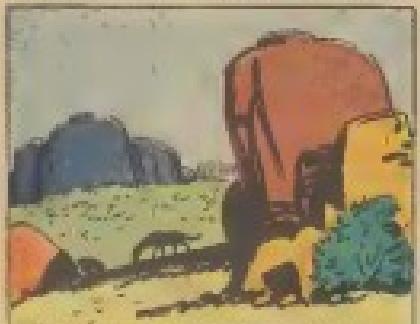
STILL UNABLE TO THINK WELL,  
OLD JOHN TALKS WILDLY--



BUT BULLET TAKES THE WORDS SERIOUSLY!  
MANY A TIME HIS OWN MASTER HAS GIVEN THE  
COMMAND: "TRACK HIM!" AND THE HOT SCENT  
OF THE CRIMINAL IS IN HIS NOSTRILS NOW!



AND THE COMMAND "BRING BACK MY GOLD!"  
IS EQUALLY CLEAR, AS THE BIG POLICE DOG  
RACES ALONG THE ROBBER'S TRAIL.



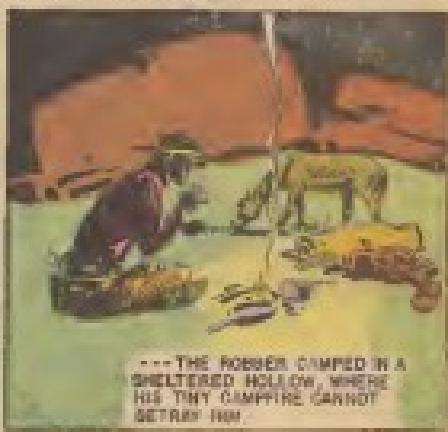
ONLY ONCE DOES HE PAUSE---WHERE  
THE HUMAN TRAIL ENDS, AND FRESH HORSE  
TRACKS TAKE ITS PLACE! BUT BULLET'S  
TRAINING HAS BEEN TOO GOOD TO LET  
THIS BOTHER HIM.



THE SUN GOES DOWN---BUT DARKNESS THAT  
WOULD STOP A HUMAN TRACKER IS IGNORED  
BY BULLET, WHO TRAILS BY SCENT.



AN HOUR LATER THE TRAIL  
ENDS! PEERING CAUTIOUSLY  
BETWEEN TWO ROCKS, HE SEES...



...THE ROBBER CAMPED IN A  
SHELTERED HOLLOW, WHERE  
HIS TINY CAMPFIRE CANNOT  
SETTRY HIM.



HIS SUPPER FINISHED, HE CAREFULLY  
PUTS OUT HIS FIRE...



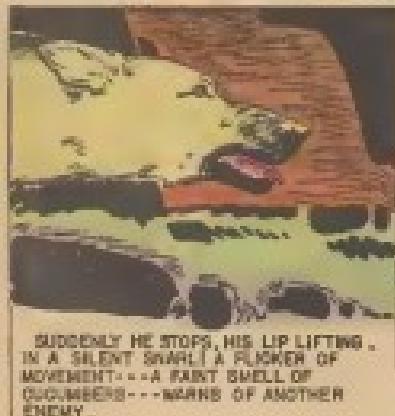
...AND PLACES  
HIS SADDLE OVER  
THE FAMILAR  
GIRL'S BACK.



DRAWING INTO HIS BLANKETS, HE TUCKS HIS  
BELT GUN UNDER HIS SADDLE-PILLOW...



...AND SHORTLY HIS HEAVY BREATHING TELLS  
BULLET THE MAN IS ASLEEP! CAREFULLY  
THE DOG APPROACHES, AS SILENT AS A WOLF.



SUDDENLY HE STOPS, HIS LIP LIFTING -  
IN A SILENT SNARL A FLICKER OF  
MOVEMENT---A FAINT SMELL OF  
CUCUMBERS --- WARNS OF ANOTHER  
ENEMY



...A DESERT SIDEWINDER, DEADLIEST OF ALL  
THE RATTLESNAKES! SEEKING A PLACE TO ESCAPE  
THE NIGHT CHILL, THE THIN HEADS FOR THE  
NEAREST SOURCE OF WARMTH...



...THE ANIMAL HEAT OF THE SLEEPING MAN!



AN INCH AT A TIME, BULLET CRAWLED NEARER,  
IN HIS MIND THE CLEAR COMMAND OF OLD JOHN:  
"BRING BACK MY GOLD!"



THE SCENT OF OLD JOHN'S HANDS ASSURED  
HIM THAT THE GOLD SACK IS THERE ---  
BUT THE ROBBERT'S PISTOL BLOCKS THE WAY  
TO IT! VERY DELICATELY, BULLET EXTRACTS  
THE BUM...



...AND CARRIES IT A FEW YARDS AWAY.  
TRAINED BY A TWO-GUN ARTIST, BULLET  
KNOWS HOW DANGEROUS A GUN CAN BE ---  
IN THE HANDS OF AN ENEMY!



BOLDER, NOW THAT THE THIEF  
IS DISARMED, BULLET RETURNS...



GETTING AN END OF THE SACK BETWEEN HIS  
TEETH, HE TUGS---BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS!



A POWERFUL JERK DOES THE TRICK!



AS HE RAISED HIMSELF, THE ROBBER PLANTS HIS HAND HEAVILY ON THE COILED SNAKE... WHICH STRIKES VICTORIOUSLY.



WITH A WILD YELL, THE MAN GRABS AT THE REPTILE...



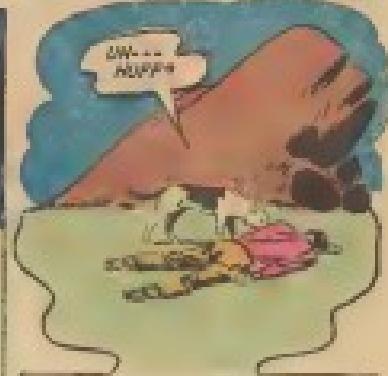
...SEIZED IT BY THE TAIL AND SHAPED IT LIKE A WHIP, DISLOCATING THE REPTILE'S SPINE!



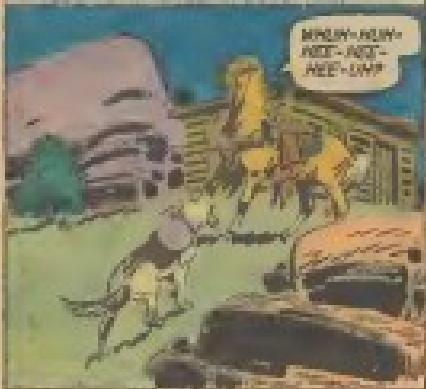
O-O-O-OH! MY WHOLE ARM'S ON FIRE!  
THAT SNAKE...



BUT BEFORE HE CAN REACH BULLET, THE  
SIDEWINDER'S VENOM TAKES EFFECT.



--- BACK TO OLD JOHN'S SHACK, WHERE  
TRIGGER'S THIEVE SECRETLY HID.



**BALLET!** YOU OLD RIDGE-  
RUNNER, WHERE'VE YOU  
BEEN? I CAME HERE  
LOOKING FOR YOU AND  
FOUND---

卷之三



HEAR THIS, JOHNNY THROSEN IS TELLING US THAT YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER VISITOR... □

IT COULD  
BE YOUR  
DOL. RUMF.



**MR. R.  
DUD. R.  
BENT**



GOOD WORK  
FOR ALL



IF I HADN'T BEEN SILLY WITH THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD, I'D NEVER HAVE SENT HIM OUT ON A JOB LIKE THAT, ROY! I'D HAVE SENT HIM FOR YOU OR THE SHERIFF.

TO LIKE  
TO KNOW  
HOW HE  
DO IT.



BUT YOU'VE DONE A LAWYER'S JOB ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION, PARTNER! SO MAYBE OLD JOHN WASN'T SO CRAZY AFTER ALL WHEN HE SENT YOU OUT ALONE TO TRAIL A THIEF!



## BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Copyright 1938 by  
Western Publishing Company

When dawn broke over the Coreys' log cabin and home clearing, it meant just another day of work for five of the family. Dad Corey and his elder son, Benson, had to haul logs for the new barn. Mom and the two small girls, Jane and Rosie, had the cows to milk and the chickens and pigs to feed, before they went off to the stump lots for a day of wild strawberry picking.

But for Tod Corey there were no chores this morning! It was a special favor—because this was Tod's twelfth birthday. He could spend the chore hour in bed, or out in the woods with Dad's squirrel rifle, or just lingering over his breakfast. . . .

Or he could do just what he was doing—honing the keen edge of his birthday present until it was as sharp as a razor—then stopping to run his hands over the glass-smooth wood of the hilt, lovingly. It was the first axe he had ever owned!

The axe blade had just the right flare and thinness. The whole steel head didn't weigh more than two pounds. And the boy-size, history-hilted had just the right balance.

Tod stood up and swung it, to get the "feel." After the big, too heavy, man-size axes he had been trained to use, this one was like something alive in his hands. It would cut through anything! It would strike

within a hair's breadth of where it was aimed—and quicker than the eye could follow!

Tod had gulped down his breakfast, scarcely tasting it. Now, with the new axe in his hand he darted outdoors. A little, misshapen elm had started to grow by the chicken house. Tod lopped off a twig, then a small branch, then the whole stem with one clean blow. A man could carve his name in a log with this axe!

"Dad!" he called, as his father and his brother came out with their axes in their hands. "Let me notch logs with you today! I'd never miss a stroke with THIS axe!"

Dad Corey shook his head. "We'll be hauling most of the time today," he stated. "Besides, your mother needs you—to help with berry picking! You go along with her and the girls."

Berry picking—a girl's job! Tod sulked, as he trudged after Mom and the "babies," Jane and Rosalie. He was carrying two pails, and his new axe. Mom carried a pail and her shotgun. Feeding six mouths on a bush farm, Mom couldn't afford to miss ANY chance!

When they reached the stump lots where the sweet little wild strawberries grew thickly, Tod leaned his new axe beside Mom's gun, against a stump. Then everybody began pick-



Mom forgot about the birdshot loads in her gun. She whipped the heavy, double-barreled weapon to her shoulder and triggered.

The range was close. Enough birdshot got through the bear's thick fur to sting him. With a roar he leaped off the healer's back—and charged for Mom!

The second barrel blasted—full in Old Three Toot's face. It blinded him—but did not stop him! Mom side-stepped, swung the gun like a club! Quicker as a flash Three Toot halted, whirled, pawing for her—and growling horribly. One armed paw caught the shotgun from Mom's hands, and hurled it aside. Another paw caught her apron—

And it was then that Ted's light axe struck home! Just where the bear's skull joined his neck the razor-sharp blade bit through, with all the strength of Ted's arms behind it!

Old Three Toot went down. His terrible claws dug deeply into the ground—then relaxed. He was as dead as a bear can be.

Then Ted's knees went wobbly—because he hadn't had time to be scared before. He stumbled over to the stump where Mom had sat down.

All of a sudden he started to laugh.

"Oh, Mom!" he gasped. "I was so mad this morning—when I had to go berry picking with you and the babies! But I'm sure GLAD NOW!"



ing—fast. Janey crowed in triumph when she had filled her first gall ahead of Rose. Ted picked faster than both the girls together—but Mom was the best of them all!

At dinnertime they didn't stop to boil tea. They washed down their brown bread and butter with spring water, picked up their pack, and moved on to the next patch. There they leaned gun and axe against another stump.

They had been watching for sign of Dad's range cattle—and now they saw some. Fresh tracks! But covering one cow track was the still fresher print of a bear's foot. Old Three Toot! There was no mistaking that deformed pad's mark in the mud!

"I wish I had brought slugs for the shotgun, instead of birdshot!" Mom said when she saw it. "That old bear killed three of our stock this past winter! Not that we're likely to get sight of him today . . ."

They all went back to berry picking. Their pack were almost filled, when they heard the young cow bawl with fright, just beyond the bluff of poplars.

Mom ran for her shotgun. Ted ran for his axe. Not that they really thought they would see that healer in time . . .

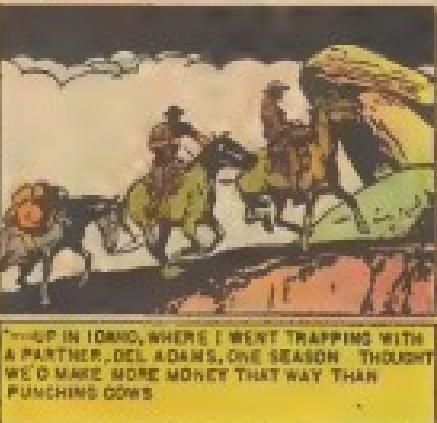
But they did! The fear-crossed two-year-old came plunging out of the brush, right toward them—with a shaggy, black monster on her back, clawing at her throat . . .

# CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



ABOUT MIDNIGHT ---







"DEL SAID WE COWARDN'T LOSE! HE'D BEEN TOLD HOW TO FIND A VALLEY SO RICH IN FUR, THAT YOU'D HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!"



"THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS THAT THE PLACE HAD BEEN UNLUCKY FOR TRAPPERS! THE LAST MAN TO TRY IT FOUND TWO SKELETONS LYING WITH THEIR RUSTED BUNS AND GEAR."

"HE SAID THAT HE HIMSELF WAS TRAILED BY A THUMB! HE CALLED A 'GHOST CAT'! HE LEFT THE VALLEY BEFORE THE SEASON WAS WELL BEGUN ---"

"... AND DEL ADAMS GOT THE STORY FROM HIM! DEL DON'T BELIEVE IN 'GHOST CATS' BUT HE DID BELIEVE IN THE GOOD TRAPPING TO BE FOUND IN HAUNTED VALLEY."



"SO THAT'S HOW DEL AND I FOUND OURSELVES THERE, ONE LATE FALL DAY, WITH OUR THREE HORSES AND OUR CAMP DUFFEL."



"WE BUILT OURSELVES A TEMPORARY BUSH SHELTER, NEAR THE LITTLE CREEK."

"... AND WENT OUT TOGETHER TO LAY OUT OUR TRAP-LINES . . ."



SOME CUSED ANIMAL---BROKE INTO EVERYTHING---  
A BEAR, MAYBE

A SKUNK-BEAR, DELL US---HEM! DON'T YOU GET THE SMELL OF THE CHIPPER? A WOLVERINE?



"BUT WHEN WE GOT BACK TO CAMP . . ."



"ALL THE STUFF THAT THE SKUNK-BEAR HAD MESSED UP WAS SPOILED BY HIS AWFUL SMELL . . ."

LUCKY WE TIED OUR MEAT AND MOST OF OUR FLOUR UP IN THOSE TREES WHERE EVEN A WOLVERINE COULDN'T GET 'EM!



"WE CLEANED UP THE PLACE AND THREW AWAY THE SPOILED STUFF . . ."



"AFTER A SUPPER OF BEER MEAT AND BISCUITS, WE TURNED IN TO SLEEP . . ."



"BUT WE DIDN'T GET TO SLEEP AT ALL THAT NIGHT!"

WHAT---IN THE NAME OF REASON---IS THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE A CATAMOUNT---LYNX!

TA-TA-TA-TADUM!

"THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THAT CRITTER'S SCREAMS THAT MADE THE SHORT HAIR RISE ON THE BACK OF A MAN'S NECK."

IT SOUNDS ANGRY---AND LIKE A WOMAN IN PAIN, TOO, CHARLEY!

IT'S YOUR "GHOST CAT", DEL! IT'S CIRCLELING US!

UH-AH-YAH-AH-AH-



"THE CRITTER DIDN'T LEAVE ALL NIGHT! JUST BEFORE SUNUP WE HEARD ITS YOWLING CRY FADING AWAY TOWARD THE NORTHEAST!"

IT'S GOING AWAY, CHARLEY! IT'S SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T LIKE THE DAYLIGHT---

MERRAH-AH-OH-EKE-TARRA--

"AFTER BREAKFAST I WAS READY TO GO---PLUM SICK OF CAMP AFTER THE NIGHT WE'D HAD! BUT DEL FELT DIFFERENTLY---"

WELL---LET'S START OUT AND FINISH THAT TRAPLINE, DEL!

NOT ME, CHARLEY!



DID YOU EVER HAVE A---A PREMONITION, CHARLEY? A HUNCH THAT SOMETHING AWFUL WAS SURE AND CERTAIN TO HAPPEN TO YOU? WELL---I'VE GOT THAT FEELING NOW! AND I'M NOT LEAVING HERE TODAY!

"MY OWN NERVES WERE ON EDGE, AND I RECKON I WAS A BIT SHORT WITH DEL! A MAN ALL BROKEN DOWN WITH FEAR ISN'T A PRETTY PICTURE TO LOOK AT!"



SUIT YOURSELF, DEL! ME, I'M GOING OUT ON THAT TRAPLINE! THAT'S WHERE THE WOLVERINE WILL HEAD FOR TO RUN OUR TRAPS! IF I KNOW HIS BREEDY, MAYBE I'LL GET A SHOT AT HIM---



"I LEFT WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, OR A BACKWARD LOOK! BUT IF I'D BEEN ABLE TO LOOK AHEAD ANOTHER EIGHT OR TEN HOURS, I'D NEVER HAVE TAKEN TWO STEPS AWAY FROM CAMP!"



"I'D BEEN RIGHT ABOUT THAT WOLVERINE! HE'D COME STRAIGHT FROM RAIDING OUR DUFFEL TO OUR TRAPLINE, PROBABLY FOLLOWING OUR TRACKS! I FOUND TWO BEAVER, PULLED OUT OF THE WATER AND MAULED."



"I TRACKED THE CUGG, AND GOT ONE QUICK SHOT AT HIM---BUT MISSED! BY THAT TIME, THE SUN WAS GETTING LOW."



"I RAN BACK TO OUR CLEARING AT DUSK, AND CALLED OUT TO MY PARTNER, SO HE WOULDN'T SHOOT ME FOR A CATAmount!"



"BUT MY PARTNER WOULD NEVER SHOOT AT ANYTHING AGAIN! I FOUND HIM CRUMPLED ON THE GROUND BY THE HALF-DEAD FIRE."



"SOME BIG ANIMAL OF THE CAT TRIBE HAD JUMPED HIM FROM BEHIND, AS HE HUNGERED BESEDE THE FIRE, PROBABLY DOING IT HAD BROKEN HIS NECK AND SUNK ITS TEETH IN HIS THROAT."

"I TOOK A YON RIGHT THEN AND THERE---NOT TO LEAVE THE VALLEY TILL I HAD KILLED THE MURDEROUS BEAST---OR BEEN KILLED MYSELF!"



"I EROLLED A CHUNK OF DEER MEAT TO KEEP UP MY STRENGTH---BECAUSE I AIN'T SIT UP ALL NIGHT AND WATCH FOR THE CRITTER!"

"I WAS SORE AT HEART---AND MAD CLEAR THROUGH' I DARED THE SHOOT CAT TO JUMP ME, AS I CUT FIREWOOD AT THE DARK EDGE OF THE WOODS."



"I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE CATA-MOUNT WAS SO MUCH GHOSTLY AS JUST PLAIN VIOLENT! IT WAS PROBABLY A COUGAR---THOUGH COUGARS ARE ALMOST NEVER KNOWN TO ATTACK MAN!"



"MAYBE SOME HUNTER HAD KILLED THE CAT'S KITTEN, AND TURNED HER MAN-HATER, OR MAYBE IT WAS AN OLD-TIM, GONE KILLING-CRAZY! I AIN'T TO FIND OUT! I ROLLED A BIG STONE FOR A SEAT, AND TRIED TO KEEP AWAKE."



"BUT SODING WITHOUT SLEEP THE NIGHT BEFORE MADE STATING AWAKE TOO NARROW AROUND MIDNIGHT I MUST HAVE DROWSED OFF---AND NEVER NOTICED A PORCUPINE THAT HADOLED PAST ME---"



"---TO CHEW ON THE SALTY-TASTING LEATHER OF MY SADDLE."



"I NEVER SAW THE GHOST CAT-- STALKING ME AROUND THE END OF THE SHELTER, WHERE THE SHADOW LAY BLACK!"



SCREEEE-  
OH WEE!

"MY FIRST WARNING WAS AN UNCARTHLY SCREECH. THE CATAMOUNT HAD BEEN CONCENTRATING ON ME SO CLOSELY THAT SHE HAD STEPPED ONTO THAT PORcupINE IN THE SHADOW--- AND GOT A DOSE OF QUILL FROM ITS LIGHTNING-QUICK TAIL!"



"I CAME UP OFF THE STONE WITH MY SIX-SHOT TALKING! I TEMPTED IT INTO THAT GRAY KILLER---"

"---BEFORE I REALIZED THAT SHE WAS DEAD! AND NOT ANY COUGAR AT ALL, BUT AN OUTSIZE BOBCAT! A CANADA LYME, THAT WOULD WEIGH MAYBE EIGHTY OR NINETY POUNDS."

NOW THIS THAT  
---(SULP!)---  
ALL OF THE  
STORY, CHARLEY!"

DID YOU CLEAR OUT OF  
THE VALLEY NEXT DAY?

"NOPE! RECKON I  
WAS JUST PLAIN  
STUBBORN!"

ANYHOW, I BURIED MY PARTNER, AND HUNTED  
DOWN THAT OLD WOLVERINE, AND TRAPPED  
BUT THE SEASON IN THE VALLEY MADE A LOT  
OF MONEY, TOO! BUT ONE SEASON WAS ENOUGH

AFTER DEL'S  
DEATH, THE  
VALLEY  
COULD NEVER  
BE THE SAME AGAIN, YOU  
SEE!"



# CHIQUITA

Bret Harte 1883



Beautiful Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the country,  
Is thar, old gal.—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?  
Feel of that neck, sir,—that's velvet! Whoa! Steady,—ah, will you, you vixen!  
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out, let the gentleman look at her pace.

Morgan—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to prove it,  
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.  
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—  
Dusted himself in White Plains, and blew out his brains in 'Frisco?

Hadn't no savvy—had Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do,—quit that foolin'  
Nothing to what she kin do, when she's got her wrek cut out before her.  
Horses is horses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys,  
And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a horse has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanagan's leaders?  
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough feed in low water!  
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Judge and his nephew  
Strook for that feed in the night, in the ram and the water all round us;

Up to our shins in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a bulk',  
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.  
I had the grey, and the Judge had his roan, and his nephew, Chiquita;  
And past us trundled the rocks just loosed from the top of the canon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita  
Bucked right down to her work, and since I could yell to her rider,  
Took water fast at the ford, and there was the Judge and me standing.  
And twelve hundred dollars of horse-flesh silent and driftin' to thunder!

Would ye believe it? That night that horse, that ar' filly, Chiquita,  
Walked herself inn her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping,  
Clean as a heaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,  
Just as she runn the Fork,—that horse, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a horse and— What did you say!—oh, the nephew?  
Downed, I reckon.—Insewways, he never came back to drag it.  
To see the damed fool had an arse,—ye couldn't have made him a rider;  
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and horses—well, horses is horses!

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# LOOK! GENUINE Roy Rogers JUNIOR TRICK LASO!

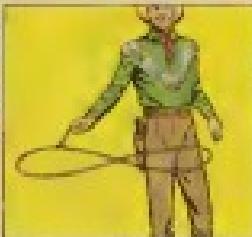
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WITH LITTLE PRACTICE!

RING OF THE COWBOYS

BE A FANCY ROPER! DO THESE TRICKS AND MANY OTHERS!



It's easy! Hold Roy Rogers Lasso just above the knot, allowing about 8 in. between knot and loop.



Throw out, make circle knot with wrist only



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Shift—no rope bends. Loop will not slip and tighten

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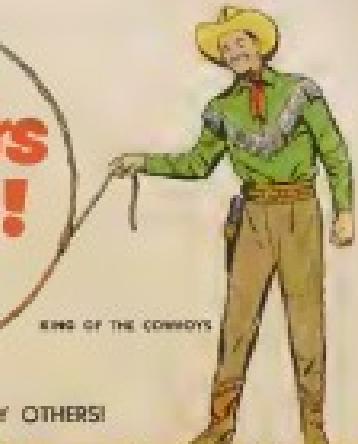
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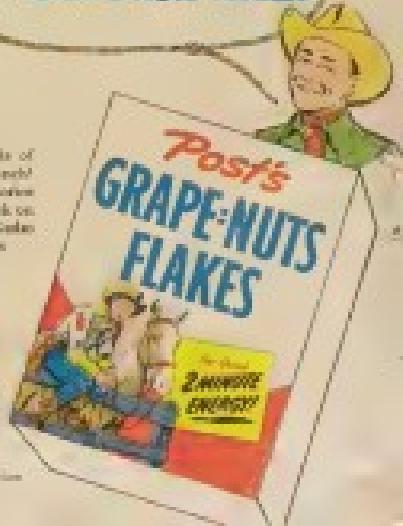


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